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LOPEZ AND WEMYSS' EDITION.

The Acting American Theatre,
No. XIV.

A

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

A COMEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY PHILIP MASSINGER.

WITH

A PORTRAIT OF MRS. HILSON,

IN THE

CHARACTER OF MARGARET.

THE PLAYS CAREFULLY CORRECTED FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS OF THE
PHILADELPHIA THEATRE,

BY M. LOPEZ, PROMPTER.

PHILADELPHIA.

PUBLISHED BY F. C. WEMYSS, AND THOMAS T. ASH: H. W. BOOL,
BALTIMORE. G. M. BOURNE, 359, BROADWAY, NEW YORK, SOLE
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THE UNITED STATES.

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ACTING AMERICAN THEATRE.

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MRS. HILSON
AS MARGARET OVERREACH.

Engraved by A.B. Murand from a painting by J. Neagle

Lopez & Wemyss' Edition

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LOPEZ AND WEMYSS' EDITION.

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As they are performed at the Philadelphia Theatre;

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AND ACCOMPANIED WITH

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BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

BY M. LOPEZ, PROMPTER,

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THE UNITED STATES.

1827

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Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit

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D. CALDWELL,

Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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✓
The Acting American Theatre. *no 14*

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JESPER HARDING, PRINTER.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

By R. H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L. H.....		Left Hand.
S. E.....		Second Entrance.
U. E.....		Upper Entrance.
M. D.....		Middle Door.
G. F.....		Door in Flat.
R. H. D.....		Right Hand Door.
L. H. D.....		Left Hand Door.

Time of representation, two hours and forty minutes.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PHILADELPHIA, 1827.

Lord Lovell,.....	<i>Mr. Wheatly.</i>
Sir Giles Overreach,.....	<i>Mr. Booth.</i>
Wellborn,.....	<i>Mr. Wemyss.</i>
Allworth,....	<i>Mr. Forrest.</i>
Willdo,.....	<i>Mr. Singleton.</i>
Justice Greedy,.....	<i>Mr. Jefferson.</i>
Marall,.....	<i>Mr. Cowell.</i>
Vintner,.....	<i>Mr. Parker.</i>
Taylor,.....	<i>Mr. Jefferson Jr.</i>
Tapwell,.....	<i>Mr. Hathwell.</i>
Order,.....	<i>Mr. Porter.</i>
Furnace,.....	<i>Mr. Bignall.</i>
Amble,.....	<i>Mr. Murray.</i>
Watchall,.....	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>

Lady Allworth,.....	<i>Mrs. Anderson.</i>
Margaret,.....	<i>Mrs. Hilson.</i>
Abigail,.....	<i>Mrs. Meer.</i>
Tabitha,.....	<i>Miss Hathwell.</i>
Froth,.....	<i>Mrs. Francis.</i>

Servants, *Messrs. Klett, &c.*

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A village.* WELLBORN *discovered, in tattered apparel, knocking at the Alehouse door,*
L. H. S. E. TAPWELL and FROTH *come from the house.* TAPWELL, C. FROTH, L. H.

Well. [R. H.] No credit? nor no liquor?

Tap. Not a suck, sir;
Nor the remainder of a single can,
Left by a drunken porter.

Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir:

'Tis verity, I assure you.

Well. Verity, you brache! [crosses to centre]
The devil turned precisian? Rogue, what am I?

Tap. Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,
And take the name yourself.

Well. How? dog! [raising his cudgel]

Tap. Advance your Plymouth cloak,
'There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship,
A potent monarch, call'd the constable,
That does command a citadel, call'd the stocks;
Such as with great dexterity will hale
Your threadbare, tatter'd——

Well. Rascal! slave!

Froth. No rage, sir.

Tap. At his own peril! Do not put yourself
In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and other drink, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.

Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus!

Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?

Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell Does keep no other register.

Well. Am not I he

Whose riots fed and cloth'd thee? Wert thou not Born on my father's land, and proud to be A drudge in his house?

Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not; What you are is apparent: but, since you Talk of father, in my hope it will torment you, I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father, Old Sir John Wellborn, My quondam master, was a man of worship; Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house, Reliev'd the poor, and so forth; but he dying, And his estate coming to you, Late master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn——

Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

Froth. Very hardly;

You cannot out of your way.

Tap. You were then a lord of acres, the prime gal-lant,

And I your under butler.

O you'd a merry time of't; hawks and hounds, With choice of running horses: mistresses, And other such extravagances: which Your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing, Resolving not to lose the opportunity, On statutes, mortgages, and binding bonds, Awhile supplied your folly, and, having got Your land, then left you.

Well. Some curate hath penn'd this invective, mongrel,

And you have studied it.

Tap. I've not done yet:

Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token, You grew the common borrower; no man 'scap'd you,

Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here;—

Well. Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! Did not I
Make purses for you? Then you lick'd my boots,
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean 'em.
'Twas I, that, when I heard thee swear, if ever
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst
Live like an emperor, 'twas I that gave it
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!

Tap. I must, sir;
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,
If they grew poor, like you.

Well. They're well rewarded,
That beggar themselves to make such rascals rich.
Thou viper! thankless viper!—
But, since you're grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and beat you into remembrance;
Not leave one bone unbroken.

[beats him over to L. H.]

Tap. O! O! O!

Froth. Help, help!—

Enter ALLWORTH, R. H.

Allw. Hold, for my sake, hold; [catches his arm]
Deny me, Frank? They are not worth your anger.

Well. For once, thou hast redeem'd them from this
sceptre. [shaking his cudgel]
But let 'em vanish;—

Nay, if you grumble, I revoke my pardon.

[*Wellborn and Allworth talk apart*]

Froth. This comes of your prating, husband.

Tap. Patience, Froth;
There's law to cure our bruises.

[*Exeunt Tapwell and Froth into the alehouse,*

L. H. 2nd E.]

Well. Sent to your mother?

Allw. My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me,
I cannot pay too much observance to her:
There are few such stepdames.

Well. 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure and clear.
But, pr'ythee, tell me,
Has she no suitors?

Allw. E'en the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord excepted; such as sue and send,
And send and sue again; but to no purpose.
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence;
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That, I dare undertake, you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment.

Well. I doubt it not. Now, Allworth, listen to me,
And mark my counsel: I am bound to give it.
Thy father was my friend; and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee:
I will not have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.

Allw. I thank your noble care: but, pray you, in what
Do I run the hazard?

Well. Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.

Allw. In love?

Well. You think you walk in clouds, but are trans-
parent.

I've heard all, and the choice that you have made;
And, with my finger, can point out the north star
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir
Of cormorant Overreach? Dost blush and start,
To hear her only nam'd? Blush at your want
Of wit and reason.

Allw. Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and if ever

The queen of flowers, the boast of spring, the rose,
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions,
Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl, her father.

Well. Grant this true,
As I believe, yet canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father
Ruin'd thy state?

Allw. And yours too.

Well. I confess it, Allworth.
Or canst thou think, if self-love blind thee not,
That Sir Giles Overreach, who, to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and, I hope, his own
too,
Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.

Allw. You have well advis'd me.
But, in the mean time, you, that are so studious
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own.
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

Well. No matter, no matter. [*crosses to R. H.*

Allw. Yes, 'tis much material:
You know my fortune, and my means; yet something
I can spare from myself, to help your wants.

[*offers him money.*

Well. How's this?

Allw. Nay, be not angry.

Well. Money from thee?
From a boy? a stipendiary? one that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother,
And the uncertain favour of a lord?
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me,
Though I am rudely thrust out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred,—know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy,——

Although I thank thee, I disdain thy offer.
 No—as I, in my madness, broke my state,—
 Without th' assistance of another's brain,
 In my right wits, I'll piece it; at the worst,
 Die thus, and be forgotten.

[*Exit Allworth, L. H. Wellborn, R. H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in LADY ALLWORTH'S House,
 a table, R. H. and four chairs, L. H.*

Enter AMBLE, ORDER, FURNACE, and WATCHALL, L. H.

Ord. [*in the centre*] Set all things right; or, as my
 name is Order,
 And by this staff of office, that commands you,
 This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,
 Whoever misses in his function,
 For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,
 And privilege in the wine-cellar.

Wat. You are merry,
 Good master Steward.

Fur. Let him; I'll be angry.

Amb. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock
 yet,
 Nor dinner taking up; then, 'tis allow'd,
 Cooks, by their places, may be cholerick.

Fur. You think you've spoken wisely, goodman
 Amble,
 My lady's go-before.

Ord. Nay, nay, no wrangling.

Fur. Twit me with the authority of the kitchen!
 At all hours, and at all places, I'll be angry;
 And thus provok'd, when I am at my prayers
 I will be angry. [*crosses to Furnace and shakes hands*]

Amb. There was no hurt meant.

Fur. I'm friends with thee; and yet, I will be angry.

Wat. With whom?

Fur. No matter whom: yet, now I think on't,
 I'm angry with my lady.

Amb. Heaven forbid, man!

Ord. What cause has she given thee?

[*crosses to Furnace.*]

Fur. Cause enough, master Steward,
I was entertain'd by her to please her palate;
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
When I am three parts roasted,
And the fourth part parboil'd, to prepare her viands,
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.

Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-room.

Fur. By whom?

By such as pretend love to her; but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire
That's stolen into commission.

Ord. Justice Greedy?

Fur. The same. Meat's cast away upon him;
It never thrives. He holds this paradox;
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well:
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave.

[*a knocking without.* L. H.

Wat. One knocks.

[*Exit Watchall,* L. H.

Ord. Our late young master.

Enter WATCHALL and ALLWORTH, L. H. ALLWORTH passes and salutes them alternately, and crosses to FURNACE.

Wat. Welcome, sir.

Fur. You're welcome;

If you've a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

[*Allworth crosses to Order.*]

Ord. His father's picture in little.

[*Allworth crosses to Amble.*]

Amb. We are all your servants.

Allw. At once my thanks to all. [*crosses to R. H.*
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Ord. Her presence answers for us.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, ABIGAIL, and TABITHA, R. H.

Lady. Sort those silks well.

I'll take the air alone:—

[*Exeunt Tabitha and Abigail, L. H.*

And, as I gave directions, if this morning

I'm visited by any, entertain 'em

As heretofore; but say, in my excuse,

I'm indispos'd.

Ord. We shall, madam.

Lady. Do, and leave me. [*Exeunt Watchall,
Furnace, Order, and Amble, L. H.*

Nay, stay you, Allworth.—Tell me, how is't with
Your noble master?

Allw. Ever like himself;
No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour.
He did command me,—pardon my presumption,—
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.

Lady. I'm honour'd in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the low countries?

Allw. Constantly, good madam;
But will, in person, first present his service.

Lady. And how approve you of his course? you're
yet,

Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable:
I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.

Allw. Any form you please
I will put on: but,—might I make my choice,—
With humble emulation, I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.

Lady. 'Tis well answer'd;
And I commend your spirit:
Beware ill company; for, often, men
Are like to those with whom they do converse;

And from one man I warn you, and that is Wellborn:
 Not, 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity:
 But that he's in his manners so deprav'd,
 And hath in vicious courses lost himself.
 'Tis true, your father lov'd him, while he was
 Worthy the loving; but, if he had liv'd
 To've known him as he is, he had cast him off,
 As you must do. [*noise without, stamping* L. H.
 Somebody comes. This way:
 Follow me to my chamber: you shall have gold
 To furnish you like my son, and still supplied
 As I hear from you.

Allw. I am still bound to you. [*Exeunt, R. H.*

Enter ORDER, WATCHALL, SIR GILES OVERREACH, MAR-
 ALL, [*MARALL crosses behind to SIR GILES, R. H.*]
 GREEDY, FURNACE, and AMBLE, L. H.

Gree. [L. H.] Not to be seen!

Sir G. [*on Greedy's R. H.*] Still cloister'd up! Her
 reason,

I hope, assures her, though she make herself
 Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
 'Twill not recover him.

Ord. [*on Sir G.'s R. H.*] Sir, 'tis her will;
 Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve,
 And not dispute: howe'er, you're nobly welcome;
 And, if you please to stay, that you may think so,
 There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
 Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
 For my lady's honour.

Gree. Is it of the right race?

[*Sir G. and Mar. converse apart*

Ord. Yes, master Greedy.

Amb. How his mouth runs o'er!

Fur. [*on Greedy's L. H.*] I'll make it run and run.
 --Save your good worship!

Gree. Honest master Cook, thy hand; again: how I
 love thee!

Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.

Fur. If you've a mind to feed, there is a chine
Of beef well season'd.

Gree. Good.

Fur. A pheasant larded.

Gree. That I might now give thanks for't!

Fur. Besides, there came last night, from the forest
of Sherwood,

The fattest stag I ever cook'd.

Gree. A stag, man?

Fur. A stag, sir; part of it prepar'd for dinner,
And bak'd in puff-paste.

Gree. Puff-paste too! Sir Giles,
A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!
And red deer, too, Sir Giles, and bak'd in puff-paste!
All business set aside, let us give thanks here.

Sir G. [*advancing*] You know, we cannot.

Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And, if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

Gree. Cause me no causes; I'll prove't, for such a
dinner,

We may put off a commission: you shall find it

Henrici decimo quarto.

Sir G. Fie, master Greedy!

Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! We must forget the belly,
When we think of profit.

Gree. Well, you shall o'er-rule me.

I could e'en cry now. Do you hear, master Cook?
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,
Send you—a brace of three-pences.

Fur. Will you be so prodigal?

[*Greedy and Furnace converse apart.*]

Sir G. [*to Ord.*] Remember me to your lady.

Enter WELLBORN, L. H.

Whom have we here?

Well. You know me.

Sir G. I did once, but now I will not;

Thou art no blood of mine. [*crosses to L. H.*] Avaunt,
thou beggar!

If ever thou presume to cross me more,
I'll have thee cag'd and whipp'd. [*Exit Sir G. L. H.*
Gree. I'll grant the warrant.

Think of pye-corner, Furnace!

[*Exeunt Greedy and Marall, L. H. Marall eyeing
Wellborn contemptuously. Wellborn takes a
chair, and sits down in the centre of the stage.*

Wat. Will you out, sir?

I wonder how you durst creep in.

Ord. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.

Amb. Cannot you stay
To be serv'd among your fellows, from the basket,
But you must press into the hall?

Fur. Pr'ythee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigsty;
My scullion shall come to thee.

Well. This is rare:

Enter ALLWORTH, R. H.

O, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!
[*Allworth crosses to L. H.*

Allw. We must be strangers;
Nor would I have you seen here, for a million.

[*Exit Allworth, L. H.*

Well. Better and better:—He contemns me too!

Enter ABIGAIL and TABITHA, R. H. and crosses to L. H.

Abi. [*seeing Wellborn*] Mercy preserve my sight!
What thing is this?

Tab. A wretched object, truly.
Let's hence, for heaven's sake, or I shall swoon.

Abi. I begin to faint already.

[*Exeunt Abigail and Tabitha, L. H.*

Fur. Will you know your way, sir?

Amb. Or shall we teach it you,
By the head and shoulders?

Well. No; I will not stir :
 Do you mark ? I will not. [*starts up*] Let me see
 the wretch
 That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
 Created only to make legs, and cringe ;
 To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher ;
 That have not souls only to hope a blessing
 Beyond your master's leaving,—who advances ?
 Who shows me the way ? [*beats them*]
All the Servants. Help, fellows, help !—Within
 there !
Ord. Here comes my lady.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, R. H.

Lady. How now ? What noise is this ?
Well. Madam, my designs
 Bear me to you.
Lady. To me ?
Well. And, though I've met with
 But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
 I hope from you to receive that noble usage,
 As may become the true friend of your husband,
 And then I shall forget these.
Lady. I'm amaz'd,
 To see and hear this rudeness. Dar'st thou think,
 Though sworn, that it can ever find belief
 That I, who to the best men of this country
 Denied my presence since my husband's death,
 Can fall so low, as to exchange words with thee ?
Well. Scorn me not, good lady ;
 But, as in form you are angelical,
 Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
 At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
 The blood that runs in this arm is as noble
 As that which fills your veins: your swelling titles,
 Your ample fortune, with your men's observance
 And women's flattery, are in you no virtues ;
 Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
 You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it ;

Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
'Than in the pious sorrow you have shown
For your late noble husband.

Ord. There he touch'd her.

Well. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune
Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels,
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say I relieved him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword
That did on all occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with honour, lady;
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And in his own hopes not to be buoy'd up,
I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.

Fur. Are not we base rogues,
That could forget this?

Well. I confess you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,
Tho' he brought no wealth with him, blame you for't:
For he'd a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great or noble;
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.

Lady. 'Tis most true, he had.

Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,
Do not contemn me.

Lady. For what's past excuse me:
I will redeem it. [offers him her pocket-book

Well. Madam, on no terms:

I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you;
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
One only suit I make; pray give me leave.—

[*Lady Allworth signs to the servants, who retire out
of hearing* L. H. S. E.]

I will not tire your patience with relation
Of the bad arts my uncle Overreach
Still forg'd, to strip me of my fair possessions;

Nor how he now shuts door upon my want,
 Would you but vouchsafe
 To your dead husband's friend,—as well you may,
 Your honour still left free,—but such feign'd grace,
 As might beget opinion in Sir Giles
 Of a true passion tow'rds me, you would see,
 In the mere thought to prey on me again,
 When all that's yours were mine, he'd turn my friend;
 And, that no rub might stay my course to you,
 Quit all my owings, set me trimly forth,
 And furnish'd well with gold:—which I should use,
 I trust, to your no shame, lady; but live
 Ever a grateful debtor to your gentleness.

Lady. What! nothing else?

[offers her pocket-book again]

Well. Nothing, unless you please to charge your
 servants

To throw away a little respect upon me.

Lady. All you demand is yours.

[she beckons the servants, who advance a little, L. H.]

Respect this gentleman,

As 'twere myself. Adieu, dear master Wellborn,—

Pray let me see you with your oftenest means:

I am ever bound to you.

[going, and Wellborn waiting on her]

Well. Your honour's servant. *[kisses her hand]*

[Exit Lady Allworth, R. H.]

All the Servants. *[coming up to Wellborn with bows and cringes]* Ah, sweet sir,—

Well. Nay, all's forgiven, all forgotten, friends:

And, for a lucky omen to my project,

Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

All the Servants. Agreed, agreed! Still merry master Wellborn. *[Exeunt all the Servants, L. H.]*

Well. Faith, a right worthy and a liberal lady,

Who can at once so kindly meet my purposes,

And brave the flouts of censure, to redeem

Her husband's friend!—When, by this honest plot,

The world believes she means to heal my wants
With her extensive wealth, each noisy creditor
Will be struck mute ; and I, thus left at large
To practise on my uncle Overreach,
May work, perhaps, the measure to redeem
My mortgag'd fortune ; which he stripp'd me of,
When headlong dissipation quell'd my reason.
The fancy pleases: if the plot succeed,
'Tis a New Way to Pay Old Debts, indeed. [*Exit L. H.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Skirts of* LADY ALLWORTH'S *Park.**Enter* SIR GILES *and* MARALL, L. H.*Sir. G.* He's gone, I warrant thee; this commission crush'd him.*Mar.* Your worship has the way on't, and ne'er miss
To squeeze these unthrifths into air: and yet
The chap-fall'n justice did his part, returning,
For your advantage, the certificate,
Against his conscience and his knowledge too,
With your good favour, to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.*Sir G.* 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice: he that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.*Mar.* I wonder why, your worship having
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself.*Sir G.* Thou art a fool;
In being out of office, I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might, or out of wilfulness, or error,
Run myself finally into a præmunire,
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of't: 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion: so he serve
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not;
Friendship is but a word.*Mar.* You are all wisdom.*Sir G.* I would be worldly wise; for the other wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well-govern'd life,
And to do right to others as ourselves,
I value not an atom.*Mar.* What course take you,
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, Mr. Frugal? As 'tis said,

He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land, lying in the midst of your many lordships,
Is a foul blemish.

Sir G. I have thought on't, Marall;
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Sir G. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor;
Which done, I'll make my men break ope' his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire to his barns, or break his cattle's legs:
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three year,
Though he sue *in formâ pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind-hand.

Mar. The best I ever heard! I could adore you.

Sir G. Then, with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title: want will force him
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.

Mar. Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

Sir G. Well thought on.
This varlet, Wellborn, lives too long to upbraid me
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold
Nor hunger kill him?

Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I've us'd all means; and, the last night, I caus'd
His host the tapster turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and tenants,
And, on the forfeit of your favour, charg'd them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from
starving,
Yet they should not relieve him: this is done, sir.

Sir G. 'Twas well done, Marall; but thou must go
further,
And suddenly, Marall.

Mar. Where and when you please, sir.

Sir G. I'd have thee seek him out, and, if thou canst,
Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg:
Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a hen-roost,
Not all the word shall save him from the gallows.
Do any thing to work him to despair,
And 'tis thy master-piece.

Mar. I'll do my best, sir.

Sir G. I'm now on my main work, with the Lord
Lovell,
The gallant-minded, popular, Lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear,
He's come into the country; and my aims are,
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.

Mar. I have you;
This points at my young mistress.

Sir G. She must part with
That humble title, and be honourable,
Right honourable, Marall, my right honourable
daughter;
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it!
I'll have her well-attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,
That, for cast clothes and meat, will gladly serve her.
And 'tis my glory, tho' I come from the city,
To have their issue, whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine, as bond-slaves.

Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.

Sir G. And, therefore, I'll not have a chambermaid
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry.

Enter WELLBORN, R. H.

Mar. See, who's here, sir. [*Marall goes up*]

Sir G. Hence, monster! prodigy!

Well. Call me what you will;—

I am your nephew, sir, your sister's son.

Sir G. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious,
rogue!

I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.

Come hither, Marall.—This is the time to work him.

Mar. I warrant you, sir. [*Exit Sir Giles, R. H.*]

Well. By this light, I think, he's mad.

Mar. Mad! had you ta'en compassion on yourself,
You long since had been mad.

Well. You've ta'en a course,
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.

Mar. The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply,—

Well. By what?

Mar. By my religion.

Well. Thy religion?

The devil's creed!—But what would you have done?

Mar. Had there been but one tree in the whole
shire,

Or any hope to compass a single halter,
Before, like you, I had outliv'd my fortunes,
A withe had serv'd my turn to hang myself.
I'm zealous in your cause: 'pray, hang yourself,
And presently, as you love your credit.

Well. I thank you.

Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch?
Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut? house to be broken?
Or market-woman with eggs that you may murder,
And so despatch the business?

Well. Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you. [*crosses to R. H.*]

Mar. If you like not hanging, drown yourself; take
some course
For your reputation.

Well. 'Twill not do, dear temper,
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair;
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live and suddenly, better than ever.

Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the air,
Will not persuade me or to give or lend,
A token to you.

Well. I will be more kind to thee:
Come thou shalt dine with me.

Mar. With you!

Well. Nay more, dine gratis.

Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose
cost?

Are they paddies, or gipsies, that are your consorts?

Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine,
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.

Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the lady of the lake, or queen of fairies?
For, I know, it must be an enchanted dinner.

Well. With the lady Allworth, knave.

Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is crack'd.

Well. Mark there with what respect
I am entertain'd.

Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?

Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust thine own
eyes.

Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance rather,
To see thee curvet and mount like a dog in a blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.

Well. Come along then.

[*Exeunt, R. H. As Wellborn is going, Marall motions with cane to have the precedence. Wellborn does so, and Marall exit pompously.*]

SCENE II.—*The Hall in LADY ALLWORTH'S House.*

Enter WATCHALL, FURNACE, ORDER, AMBLE, and ALLWORTH, R. H.

Allw. [L. H.] Your courtesies o'erwhelm me: I
much grieve

To part with such true friends; and yet find comfort,
My attendance on my honourable lord,
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,
Will speedily bring me back.

[*Wellborn and Marall, without, L. H. Wellborn
knocks—exit Watchall, L. H.*]

Mar. Dar'st thou venture further?

Well. Yes, yes, and knock again. [knocks]

Ord. 'Tis he: disperse.

Amb. Perform it bravely.

Fur. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.

[*Exeunt Furnace, L. H. S. E. Order and Amble, R. H.*]

Enter WATCHALL, WELLBORN, and MARALL, L. H.

Wat. Beast that I was, to make you stay! Most
welcome;

You were long since expected.

Well. Say so much

To my friend, I pray you.

Wat. For your sake, I do, sir. [Exit, R. H.]

Mar. For his sake!

Well. Mum; this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever

I'd have believ'd, tho' I had found it in my primer.

Allw. When I have given you reasons for my late
harshness,

You'll pardon and excuse me; [*crosses to centre*] for,
believe me,

Though now I part abruptly, in my service
I will deserve it.

Mar. Service! with a vengeance!

Well. I'm satisfied: farewell, Tom.

Allw. All joy stay with you! [Exit, L. H.]

Enter AMBLE, R. H.

Amb. You're happily encounter'd ; I ne'er yet
Presented one so welcome as, I know,
You will be to my lady.

Mar. This is some vision ;
Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghill ;
It cannot be a truth.

Well. Be still a pagan,
An unbelieving infidel ; be so, miscreant,
And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips !

Enter FURNACE, L. H. S. E.

Fur. [*comes down between Well. and Mar.*] I'm
glad you're come ; until I know your pleasure,
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.

Mar. His pleasure ! is it possible ?

Well. What's thy will ?

Fur. Marry, sir, I have
Some rails and quails, and my lady will'd me ask you,
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

[*Wellborn whispers Furnace up the stage*

Mar. The devil's enter'd this cook : sauce for his
palate,
That, on my knowledge,
Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread on
Sundays !

Well. That way I like them best

Fur. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit Furnace, L. H. S. E.*

Well. What think you of the hedge we shall dine
under ?

Shall we feed gratis ?

Mar. I know not what to think ;
'Pray you, make me not mad.

Enter ORDER, R. H.

Ord. This place becomes you not ;
'Pray you, walk, sir, to the dining-room.

Well. I am well here,
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

Mar. Well here, say you?
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday, you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease-straw.

Enter TABITHA and ABIGAIL, R. H.

Tab. O! you're much wish'd for, sir.

Abi. Last night, my lady
Dreamt of you; and her first command this morning,
Was to have notice, sir, of your arrival.
See, my lady. [*Exit Order, R. H.*]

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, R. H.

Lady. I come to meet you, and languish'd till I saw
you—
'This first kiss is for form; I allow a second
To such a friend.

Mar. To such a friend! heaven bless me!

Well. I'm wholly your's; yet, madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute.

[*As Marall attempts to sneak off, Wellborn pulls
him back by the cloak and puts him over to Lady
Allworth, R. H.*]

Mar. Salute me at his bidding!

[*Marall retreats towards the door, L. H.*]

Well. I shall receive it
As a most high favour.

Lady. Your friends are ever welcome to me.

Well. [*bringing Mar. back*] Run backward from
a lady! and such a lady!

Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of. [*offers to kiss her foot.*]

Lady. Nay, 'pray you rise;
And, since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:
You shall dine with me to day at mine own table.

Mar. Your ladyship's table! I'm not good enough
To sit at your steward's board.

Lady. You are too modest;
I will not be denied.

Enter ORDER, R. H.

Ord. Dinner is ready for your ladyship.

Lady. Come, master Wellborn:

[*To Marall, who is retreating again and is pulled back by Wellborn*]

Nay keep us company.

Mar. I was ne'er so grac'd.

[*Lady Allworth and Wellborn take Marall by the hand—he bowing with the greatest servility—they retire through M. D.—Exeunt Abi. and Tab. R. H.*]

Enter FURNACE, L. H. S. E.

Ord. So we've play'd our parts, and are come off well:

But if I know the mystery, why my lady
Consented to it, may I perish!

Fur. Would I had

The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
By fire,—for cooks are Persians, and swear by it,
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.

Wat. What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?

Fur. Just as much
As my throat is worth; for that would be the price on't.
To have a usurer that starves himself,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:
But this Sir Giles feeds high; keeps many servants;
Rich in his habit; vast in his expenses;
Yet he, to admiration, still increases
In wealth and lordships.

Ord. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.

Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodg'd so unluckily.

Enter AMBLE, through M. D.

Amb. Ha! ha! I shall burst.

Ord. Contain thyself, man.

Fur. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.

Amb. Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table!—this term-driver, Marall,
This snip of an attorney!

Wat. What of him, man?

Amb. The knave feeds so slovenly!

Fur. Is this all?

Amb. My lady
Drank to him for fashion's sake, or to please master
Wellborn;

As I live, he rises and takes up a dish
In which there was some remnants of a boil'd capon,
And pledges her in white broth!

Fur. Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his tribe.

Amb. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his chair, and, after a leg or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship.

All the Servants. Ha! ha! ha!—

[*Furnace runs off, L. H. S. E.*

*Enter LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, and MARALL,
through M. D.*

Lady. You attend us well!

Let me have no more of this; I observ'd your leering:
Sir, I will have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table,
When I am present, is not your companion.

Ord. [*aside*] Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.

Lady. [*to Wellborn*] You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,

As not to enquire your purposes; in a word,
 [crosses to R. H. Wellborn following her]
 To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
 That is your own.

Well. Mark that. *[to Marall]*

Mar. *[L. H.]* With reverence, sir,
 And it like your worship.

Well. Trouble yourself no further,
 Dear madam, my heart's full of zeal and service;
 However in my language I am sparing.
 Come, master Marall. *[crosses to L. H.]*

Mar. I attend your worship.
[Here Wellborn entreats Marall to lead, who declines—Wellborn then bows and exit L. H. Marall follows.]

Lady. *[to the servants]* I see in your looks you
 are sorry, and you know me
 An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.
 Order and Amble, come with me; I must give you
 Further directions.

Ord. What you please.

Amb. We are ready. *[Exeunt R. H.]*

SCENE III.—*The Open Country.*

Enter WELLBORN and MARALL, L. H. S. E.

Well. I think I'm in a good way.

Mar. Good, sir! The best way;
 The certain best way.

Well. There are casualties
 That men are subject to.—Is't for your ease
 You keep your hat off?

Mar. Ease, an it like your worship!
 I hope Jack Marall shall not live so long,
 To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
 'Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be covered
 When your worship's present.

Well. *[aside]* Is not this a true rogue,
 That, out of a mere hope of a future coz'nage,

Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already.

Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs no counsel;

Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice, (but still
Under correction,) I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.

Well. No; speak freely.

Mar. Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple judgment,

(Still with your worship's favour,) I could wish you
A better habit; for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady
That loves you:

I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I'll presently
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to buy
you

A riding suit.

Well. But where's the horse?

Mar. My gelding

Is at your service: nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor, (as I know you will be,)
You may with the lease of glebe land, call'd Knave's
Acre,

A place I would manure, requite your vassal.

Well. I thank thy love; but will make no use of it.
Did I want clothes, think'st thou I could not have 'em
For one word to my lady?

Mar. As I know not that—

Well. Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.
I'll not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we're married
To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forc'd
To buy my wedding clothes.—
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself,
And so farewell.—For thy suit touching Knave's Acre,

When it is mine, 'tis thine. [*Exit Wellborn, R. H.*]

Mar. I thank your worship.

How was I cozen'd in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! My master cozen'd too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession. Well, well, master Wellborn,
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated;
Which, if the fates please, when you are possess'd
Of the land and lady, you *sans* question shall be.
I'll presently think of the means.

[*walks by, musing, R. H.*]

Enter SIR GILES, L. H. [speaking as he enters.]

Sir G. Sirrah, order my carriage round;
I'll walk, to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile;
And exercise will keep me from being pursesey.
Ha! Marall!—Is he conjuring? Perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,
So it be done.—Marall!

Mar. Sir?

Sir G. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?

Mar. Never better, sir.

Sir G. Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?

Mar. No, sir, he lives;
Lives, once more to be made a prey to you,
A greater prey than ever.

Sir G. Art thou in thy wits?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A lady, sir, is fall'n in love with him.

Sir G. With him! What lady?

Mar. The rich Lady Allworth.

Sir G. Thou dolt! how dar'st thou speak this?

Mar. I speak truth,
And I do so but once a year, unless
It be to you, sir. We din'd with her ladyship,

I thank his worship.

Sir G. His worship!

Mar. As I live, sir,

I din'd with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd him,
And would at his request, have kiss'd me too.

Sir G. Why thou rascal!

To tell me these impossibilities.

Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!

Impudent varlet, have not I myself,

Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,

In vain, to see her, though I came——a suitor?

And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn,

Were brought into her presence, feasted with her!—

But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,

This most incredible lie would call up one

On thy buttermilk cheeks.

Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,

Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

Sir G. You shall feel me, if you give not over,
sirrah:

Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd

With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids

Of serving-men and chambermaids,

Or I'll quit you from my employments.

Mar. Will you credit this yet?

On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd Well-
born—

[*aside*] (I'd give a crown now I durst say his worship,) *My*

nag, and twenty pounds.

Sir G. Did you so, idiot?

[*strikes him*

Was this the way to work him to despair,

Or rather to cross me?

[*beats him*

Mar. Will your worship kill me?

Sir G. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.

Mar. He's gone.

Sir G. I've done then. Now, forgetting

Your late imaginary feast and lady,

Know, my Lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow:

Be careful naught be wanting to receive him;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll
thank 'm.—

There's a piece, for my late blows. [crosses R.

Mar. [*aside*] I may yet cry quittance,
There may be a time——

Sir G. Do you grumble?

Mar. No, sir.

[*Exeunt*, R. H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Skirts of* LADY ALLWORTH'S *Park.**Enter* LOVELL *and* ALLWORTH, L. H.

Lov. [*speaking as he enters*] Drive the coach
round the hill: something in private
I must impart to Allworth.

Allw. O, my lord,
What sacrifice of rev'rence, duty, watching,
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve 'em;
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer;
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties shower'd upon me?

Lov. Nay, good youth,
Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'erprize it. Since you've trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident, 'tis in a cabinet lock'd
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
More zealous in your love and service to me,
Than I have been in my rewards.

Allw. Still great ones,
Above my merit.
You have been
More like a father to me than a master:
'Pray you, pardon the comparison.

Lov. I allow it;
And to give you assurance I am pleas'd in't.
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,
I can command my passions.

Allw. 'Tis a conquest
Few men can boast of, when they are tempted.—Oh!

Lov. Why do you sigh? Can you be doubtful of me?
By that fair name I in the wars have purchas'd,

And all my actions, hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour,
Than to thee, Allworth!

Allw. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain: but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those too seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.

Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish 'em, in plainer language,
That I may understand 'em.

Allw. My much-lov'd lord, were Margaret only fair,
You might command your passion;
But, when the well-tun'd accents of her tongue
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds
Assault your hearing,
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.

Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.

Allw. Grant all these beat off,
(Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,)
Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in
With heaps of ill-got gold, and as much land
As would tire
A falcon's wings, in one day to fly over.
I here release your trust:
'Tis happiness enough for me, to serve you,
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon her.

Lov. Why, shall I swear?

Allw. O, by no means, my lord!

Lov. Suspend
Your judgment till the trial. How far is't
To Overreach's house?

Allw. At the most, some half hour's riding;
You'll soon be there.

Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.

Allw. Oh, that I durst but hope it! [*Exeunt, R. H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Hall in Sir GILES' House.*

Enter SIR GILES, GREEDY, and MARALL, L. H. C. D.

[*Sir Giles in the centre, Greedy, R. H. Marall, L. H.*]

Sir G. Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack with
the weight
Of curious viands.

Gree. Store indeed's no sore, sir.

Sir G. That proverb fits your stomach, master
Greedy.

Gree. It does, indeed, Sir Giles: I do not like to see
a table ill-spread, poor, meagre, just sprinkled o'er
with salads, slic'd beef, giblets, and pig's pettitoes.
But the substantials—O, Sir Giles, the substantials!
The state of a fat turkey now! the decorum, the gran-
deur, he marches in with! O, I declare, I do much
honour a chine of beef! O, I do reverence a loin of
veal!

Sir G. And let no plate be seen, but what's pure
gold,

Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of: let my choicest linen
Perfume the room; and, when we wash, the water,
With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.

Sir G. Avaunt, you drudge!

Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter.
Call in my daughter! [*Exit Marall, L. H.*]
And, master justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of 'em——

Gree. As I do indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for 'em.

Sir G. I do confer that providence, with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.

Gree. I'll punctually discharge it,

And give the best directions.

[*Sir Giles retires up the stage*

Now am I,

In mine own conceit, a monarch, at the least,
Arch-president o' the boil'd, the roast, the bak'd;—

I'd not change my throne for the Great Mogul's;

For which I will eat often; and give thanks,

When my belly's brac'd up like a drum, and that's
pure justice. [*Exit Greedy, R. H.*

Sir G. [*advancing*] It must be so: should the fool-
ish girl prove modest,

She may spoil all: she had it not from me,

But from her mother: I was ever forward,

And she must be; and therefore I'll prepare her.

*Enter MARALL, followed by MARGARET, and attend-
ants, L. H.*

Alone, Margaret,—

Alone,—and let your women wait without.

[*Exit Women, L. H.*

Marg. Your pleasure, sir?

Sir G. Ha! this is a neat dressing!

[*walks round her*

These orient pearls and diamonds well plac'd too!

The gown affects me not, it should have been

Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;

But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.

How like you your new wom "

The Lady Downfall?

Marg. Well, for a companion;

Not as a servant.

Sir G. Is she humble, Meg,

And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?

Marg. I pity her fortune.

Sir G. Pity her! Trample on her.

I took her up in an old tamin gown,

E'en starv'd for very want of food, to serve thee,

And if I understand she but repines

To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,

I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodg'd him,
Into the counter, and there let 'em howl together.

Marg. You know your own ways, but for me, I
blush

When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.

Sir G. In birth! Why, art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my fortunes,
And throw thee from my care: do not provoke me.

Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way you
please.

*Enter GREEDY, with a napkin round his neck, and
a rolling-pin in his hand, R. H.*

Gree. Sir Giles, Sir Giles,—

Sir G. How! interrupted? [*crosses to centre*

Gree. 'Tis matter of importance.

The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
From my experience. There's a fawn brought in, sir,
And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it whole
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it:
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling!
'Tis not worth three pence.

Sir G. Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out! Cook it any way: Pr'ythee, leave me.

Gree. Without order for the dumpling?

Sir G. Let it be dumped
Which way thou wilt; or, tell him, I will scald him
In his own caldron.

Gree. I had lost my stomach
Had I lost my dumpling. [*Exit Greedy, R. H.*

Sir G. But to our business, Meg:—You've heard
who dines here?

Marg. I have, sir.

Sir G. 'Tis an honourable man;
 A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
 Of soldiers; and, what's rare, is one himself,
 A bold and understanding one; and to be
 A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,
 Is granted unto few, but such as rise up
 The kingdom's glory.

Re-enter GREEDY, with a toast and fork, R. H.

Gree. I'll resign my office,
 If I be not better obey'd.

Sir G. 'Slight, art thou frantic?

Gree. Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and stark
 mad,

Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
 Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
 There are a dozen of woodcocks.—

He has found out

A new device for sauce, and will not dish 'em
 With toast and butter.

Sir G. [*crosses to R. H. behind*] Cook!—rogue, obey
 him!

I've given the word: pray, now remove yourself
 To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.

Gree. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner.

[*Exit Greedy, R. H.*]

Sir G. And as I said, Meg, when this gull dis-
 turb'd us,

This honourable lord, this colonel,
 I would have thy husband.

Marg. There's too much disparity
 Between his quality and mine, to hope it.

Sir G. I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it;
 Be thou no enemy to thyself: my wealth
 Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
 Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me:
 Remember, he's a courtier, and a soldier,
 And not to be trifled with; and therefore, when
 He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:

This mincing modesty hath spoil'd many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hop'd for.

Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance
that

Confines a virgin?

Sir G. Virgin me no virgins!

I'll have you lose that name, or you lose me;
I'll have you private,—start not,—I say, private:
If you are my true daughter,
You'll venture alone with one man, though he came
Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too:
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.

Marg. I've heard this is the wanton's fashion, sir,
Which I must never learn.

Sir G. Learn any thing,

And from any creature, that may make thee great;
E'en from the devil himself: stand not on form;
Words are no substances.

Marg. With your leave, sir;—in worldly policy,
This is not the way to make me his wife:

My virgin scruples overcome so soon,
Cannot but assure him,
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight
When tempted by others; so, in judgment,
If, to obey you, I forget my honour,
He must and will forsake me.

Sir G. How! forsake thee?

Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
Shrunk up, or wither'd? Does there live a man,
Of that large list I have encounter'd with,
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground
Not purchas'd with his blood that did oppose me?
Forsake thee!—He dares not.

Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood arm'd by his side, to justify the wrong,
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,
I'd make him render

A bloody and a strict account, and force him,

By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour.

Meg, I have said it.

[crosses to L. H.]

Enter MARALL, hastily, L. H. U. E.

Mar. Sir, sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.

Sir G. In, there, without reply, and wait my call:
And do as I command, or thou art lost.

[*Exit Margaret, R. H.*]

Is the loud music I gave order for
Ready to receive him?

Mar. 'Tis, sir.

Sir G. Let 'em sound

A princely welcome.

[*Exit Marall, L. H. U. E.*]

Roughness, awhile leave me;

For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,

Must make way for me.

[*Music, L. H. U. E. till characters are down the stage:
two servants precede with wands, four follow the
characters*]

Enter MARALL, LOVELL, ALLWORTH, L. H. U. E.

Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble,

Sir G. What you are pleas'd to style so, is an honour
Above my worth and fortunes.

Re-enter GREEDY, R. H.

Allw. [*aside*] Strange! so humble!

Sir. G. A justice of peace, my lord.

[*presents Greedy to him*]

Lov. Your hand, good sir.

Gree. [*aside*] This is a lord: some would think this
a favour;

But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling.

Sir G. Room for my lord.

Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter,
To crown my welcome.

Sir G. May it please my lord

To taste a glass of Greek wine first? and suddenly
She shall attend, my lord. [*Exeunt servants*, L. H.]

Lov. You'll be obey'd, sir. [*music*]

[*Exeunt all but Sir Giles*, L. H.]

Sir G. 'Tis to my wish; as soon as come, ask for
her.

Why, Meg! Meg Overreach!

Re-enter MARGARET, R. H.

How! tears in your eyes!

Hah! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out.

Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness

That flies into thy bosom; think what 'tis

For me to say, my honourable daughter.

No more; but be instructed, or expect——He comes!

Re-enter LOVELL, ALLWORTH, GREEDY, and MARALL.

A well form'd girl, my lord.

Lov. [*crosses to Margaret*] As I live, a rare one!
[*salutes her*]

Allw. He's ta'en already: I am lost.

Sir G. That kiss

Came twanging off; I like it:—Quit the room.

[*Exeunt Greedy, Marall, and Allworth*, R. H. S. E.]

A little bashful, my good lord, but you,

I hope, will teach her boldness.

Lov. I am happy

In such a scholar: but——

Sir G. I am past learning,

And therefore leave you to yourselves.—Remember.

[*aside to Margaret, and exit* R. H.]

Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous

To have you change the barren name of virgin

Into a hopeful wife.

Marg. His haste, my lord,

Holds no power o'er my will.

Lov. But o'er your duty.

Marg. Which, forc'd too much, may break.

Lov. Bend rather, sweetest :
Think of your years.

Marg. Too few to match with yours.

Lov. I can advance you.

Marg. To a hill of sorrow ;
Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,
I of a low descent, however rich :
O, my good lord, I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these walls.

Lov. Pray you, trust my ear then. [*they whisper*

Re-enter SIR GILES, listening, R. H.

Sir G. Close at it ! whispering !—this is excellent !
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter GREEDY, R. H.

Gree. Sir Giles ! Sir Giles !

Sir G. The great fiend stop that clapper !

Gree. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings
noon.

The bak'd meats are run out, the roast turn'd powder.

Sir G. Stop your insatiate jaws, or
I shall powder you.

Gree. Beat me to dust, I care not ;
In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.

Sir G. Disturb my lord,
When he is in discourse ?

Gree. Is't a time to talk
When we should be munching ?

Sir G. Mum, villain ; vanish ! shall we break a
bargain
Almost made up ?

[*Exit, thrusting Greedy off before him, R. H.*

Lov. Lady, I understand you,
And wish you happy in your choice ; believe it,
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and
bind us
Your slaves for ever.

Lov. I'm in the act rewarded,
Since it is good: Howe'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me, till our purpose
Be brought to the wish'd end.

Marg. I'm prone to that.

Lov. Now break we off our conference.—Sir Giles!
Where is Sir Giles?

Enter SIR GILES, ALLWORTH, (*who crosses behind to*
L. H. of LOVELL,) GREEDY, and MARALL, R. H.

Sir G. My noble lord; and how
Does your humble lordship find her?

Lov. Apt, Sir Giles, and coming;
And I like her the better.

Sir G. [*aside*] So do I too.

Lov. Yet, should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant: I will confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I shall have
Deliver'd by my page:—we must, for form, give way
to't. [*puts Allw. over to Sir Giles.*]

Sir G. With all my soul.
A towardly gentleman!
Your hand, good master Allworth: know my house
Is ever open to you.

Allw. [*aside*] 'Twas shut till now.

Sir G. [*to Margaret*] Well done, well done, my
honourable daughter!
Thou'rt so already, [*puts Marg. over to Allw.*] know
this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter!

Marg. I shall, with my best care.

Prompter. [*L. H.*] Room, room,—make way there.

Sir G. What noise?

Gree. More stops

Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

Enter two Servants with wands preceding, and four following LADY ALLWORTH and WELLEORN, M. D.

Lady. [to *Wellborn*] If I find welcome,
You shall share in't, if not, I'll back again;
For I come arm'd for all can be objected.

Lov. How! the Lady Allworth? [crosses to her
Sir G. And thus attended!

[*Lovell presents Margaret to Lady Allworth--Sir
Giles crosses to Marall, who is on R. H.*

Mar. No, I am a dolt;
The spirit of lies hath enter'd me.

Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favour, to prevent my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.

Lady. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hop'd
You would have made my poor house your first inn:
And therefore, doubting that you might forget me,
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,
And took the air, in person to invite you.

Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me,
madam,
Of words to give you thanks.

Lady. Good Sir Giles Overreach,— [bows to him
How dost thou, Marall?—Lik'd you my meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?

Gree. I will, when you please,
An it like your ladyship.

Lady. When you please, master Greedy;
If meat can do't, you shall be satisfied.
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman: howe'er his outside's coarse,
[presents *Wellborn*

His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's:
And, howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soe'er,
For his wild life, hath stuck upon his fame,
He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself

With some that have contemn'd him. Sir Giles Over-
reach,

If I am welcome, bid him so.

Sir G. My nephew! [*crosses to Wellborn, L. H.*
He has been too long a stranger: faith, you have:
Pray, let it be mended.

[*All converse apart, but Sir Giles and Wellborn.*]

Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy;
No man of worship,
Much less your nephew.

Sir G. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter. [*crosses to R. H.*

Mar. I'll not lose my joke,
Though I be beaten dead for't. [*Exit R. H.*

Well. [*advancing*] Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself, to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.

Lov. I would hear, and help 'em. [*bell rings, R. H.*

Sir G. Your dinner waits you.

Lov. Pray you, lead; we follow.

Lady. Dear master Wellborn, come:--You are my
guest. [*music*

[*Takes Wellborn's hand. Exeunt all but Greedy,*
R. H. Two servants, then Lady Allw. and Well.
Lord Lovell and Marg., Allw. following. Sir G.,
Mar., and four servants.]

Gree. Dear master Wellborn! so she said: Heaven,
heaven!

If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this: I've granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham jail! And now, *Dear master Wellborn!*
And, *My good nephew!*--But I play the fool,
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Re-enter MARALI, R. H.

Are they set, Marall?

Mar. Long since. [*attempts to go, Marall stops him*] Pray you, a word, sir.

Gree. No wording now.

Mar. In troth, I must: My master, Knowing you are his friend, makes bold with you, And does entreat you, more guests being come in Than he expected, especially his nephew, The table being full too, you would excuse him, And wait to sup with him on the cold meat.

Gree. How! no dinner, After all my care?

Mar. 'Tis but a penance for A meal; besides, you broke your fast——

Gree. That was But a bit, to stay my stomach. A man in commission Give place to a tatterdemalion!

Mar. No bug words, sir! Should his worship hear you,——

Gree. Lose my dumpling too, And butter'd toasts and woodcocks?

Mar. Come, have patience. If you will dispense a little with your justiceship, And sit with the maids below there, you'll have dumpling, Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too, by and by.

Gree. This revives me: I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. There's your way, sir. [*Exit Mar. R. H.*]

Gree. I fear, we shall have but short commons below. I am no cameleon, to feed on air; nor Frenchman, to feast on a soused frog, or regale on an ounce of beef in a Mediterranean sea of soup: I love to see the board well spread, groaning under its savoury burden, smoking-hot from spit, furnace, and caldron.—Ods-me, Sir Giles!

[*Exit Greedy, L. H.*]

Enter SIR GILES, R. H.

Sir G. She's caught! O woman! What, neglect my lord,

And all her compliments apply to Wellborn !
In the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge; she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.
But why grieve I
At this? It makes for me; if she prove his,
All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

Enter MARALL, R. H.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.

Sir G. No matter, I'll excuse it: Prythee, Marall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.

Mar. Who! the rogue
The lady scorn'd to look on?

Sir G. Sirrah, sirrah! [*crosses to meet Lovell.*]

*Enter LOVELL, MARGARET, and ALLWORTH, R. H. who
crosses behind to L. H.*

Sir G. [*to Lovell*] My good lord, excuse my manners.

Lov. There needs none, Sir Giles;
I may ere long say—father, when it please
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Sir G. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me
happy. [*Lady Allworth, &c. without, R. H.*]

Lady. Nay, master Wellborn,—

Sir G. Grösser and grosser !

*Enter LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, and Servants,
R. H. Marall crosses behind to R. H. and Margaret
crosses behind to R. H. of Allworth.*

Lady. Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away:—My thanks, Sir Giles,
For my entertainment.—

[*Marall whispers Wellborn R. H*]

Sir G. 'Tis your nobleness,
To think it such.

Lady. I must do you a further wrong,

In taking away your honourable guest.

Lov. I wait on you, madam: Farewell, good Sir Giles.

Lady. Nay, come, master Wellborn.--

[*Exit Marall*, R. H.]

I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.

Sir G. [*crosses to Lady Allw.*] Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once:

Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach,
And after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.

Lady. Stay not long, sir.

Lov. Farewell, dear Margaret! You shall every day
Hear from your servant, by my faithful page.

Allw. 'Tis a service I am proud of. [*music*
[*Exeunt Lovell, Lady Allworth, Allworth, and servants*, M. D.]

Sir G. Daughter, to your chamber.

[*Exit Margaret*, L. H.]

You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I should desire your friendship.

Well. [R. H.] So I do, sir:
'Tis strange to me.

Sir G. [L. H.] But I'll make it no wonder;
And, what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when we see friends, and kinsmen.
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom:
As I must yield, with you I practis'd it:
But, now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you. This rich lady,
(And I am glad of't,) is enamour'd of you.

Well. No such thing:
Compassion rather, sir.

Sir G. Well; in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,

She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

Well. [*aside*] He'll run into the noose, and save my labour.

Sir G. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,

In pawn; I will redeem 'em; and, that no clamour

May taint your credit for your petty debts,

You shall have wherewithal to cut 'em off,

And go a freeman to the wealthy lady.

Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else—

Sir G. As it is, nephew.

Well. Binds me still your servant.

Sir G. No compliments: you're staid for. Ere you've supp'd,

You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew!

To-morrow I will visit you.

Well. Here's an uncle [*crosses to L. H.*

In a man's extremes! How much they do belie you, That say you are hard-hearted!

Sir G. My deeds, nephew,

Shall speak my love; what men report, I weigh not.

[*Exeunt Wellborn, L. H. Sir G. R. H*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in LADY ALLWORTH'S House.—
Table, two chairs, pens, ink, paper, sealing wax,
and a lighted taper.*

LOVELL, seated R. H. sealing a Letter, and ALLWORTH
L. H. waiting on him discovered.

Lov. 'Tis well.—May this succeed!—

[rises and advances.]

I now discharge you
From further service: mind your own affairs;
I hope you'll prove successful.

Allw. What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let after-times report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engag'd, for I want language
To speak my debt; yet, if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could—

Lov. Nay, do not melt:

This ceremonial thanks to me 's superfluous.

[Sir Giles Overreach, &c. without, L. H.]

Sir G. Is my lord stirring?

Lov. 'Tis he! O, here's your letter.—*[takes letter
from table and gives to Allw.]* Let him in.

[Allworth opens the L. H. D. and stands retired.]

Enter SIR GILES, GREEDY, and MARALL, L. H. D.

Sir G. A good day to my lord!

Lov. You are an early riser,

Sir Giles.

Sir G. And reason, to attend your lordship.

Lov. And you, too, master Greedy, up so soon!

Gree. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up

I cannot sleep; for I've a foolish stomach

'That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,
[crosses to Lovell R. H.]

I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend Sir Giles.

Lov. Pray you, use your pleasure.

[retires up the stage]

Gree. How far, Sir Giles, and pray you answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house to this of my Lady Allworth's?

Sir G. Why, some four mile.

Gree. How! four mile, good Sir Giles—
Upon your reputation, think better;
For four mile's riding
Could not have rais'd so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.

Mar. [L. H.] Whether you ride,
Or go afoot, you're that way still provided,
An't please your worship.

Sir G. How now, sirrah? prating
Before my lord! no difference! Go to my nephew,
See all his debts discharg'd, and help his worship
'To fit on his rich suit. *[crosses to Lovell]*

Mar. I may fit you too. *[Exit Marall, L. H. D.]*

Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

Sir G. 'Twill fire her; for she's wholly yours already.
Sweet master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry you
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead
For my good lord, if you should find occasion.
That done, pray, ride to Nottingham, get a license,
Still by this token.—*[to Lov.]* I will have't despatch'd,
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.

Gree. *[stopping Allworth, who is crossing towards L. H. D.]* Take my advice, young gentleman;
get your breakfast;
'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting: I'll eat with you,
And that abundantly.

Sir G. Some Fury's in that gut:
Hungry again! did you not devour this morning
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters?

Gree. Why, that was sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of a preparative.

Lov. Haste your return.

Allw. I will not fail, my lord. [*Exit Allw.* L. H. D.]

Gree. Nor I, to line

My Christmas coffer.

[*Exit Greedy*, L. H. D.]

Sir G. To my wish; [*they sit*] we're private.

I come not to make offer with my daughter

A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:

In one word I pronounce, all that is mine,

In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,

With her, my lord, comes to you: nor shall you have

One motive to induce you to believe

I live too long; since every year I'll add

Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Lov. You are a right kind father.

Sir G. You shall have reason

To think me such.

How do you like this seat of Lady Allworth's?

It is well wooded and well water'd, the acres

Fertile and rich; would it not serve, for change,

To entertain your friends in a summer progress?

What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,

And well-built pile: and she that's mistress of it,

Worthy the large revenue.

Sir G. She the mistress!

It may be so for a time; but, let my lord

Say only that he but like it, and would have it,

I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible!

Sir G. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,

Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone

The Lady Allworth's lands;—for those, once Well-born's,

As, by her dotage on him, I know they will be,

Shall soon be mine;—but point out any man's

In all the shire, and say they lie convenient

And useful for your lordship, and once more

I say aloud, they're yours.

[*they rise*

Lov. I dare not own

What's by unjust and cruel means extorted :

My fame and credit are more dear to me,

Than thus to expose 'em to be censur'd by

The public voice.

Sir G. You run, my lord, no hazard.

Your reputation shall still stand as fair

In all good men's opinions, as now :

For, though I do condemn report myself,

As a mere sound, I still will be so tender

Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,

That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,

Shall ne'er be sullied with one taint or spot.

All my ambition is, to have my daughter

Right honourable, which my lord can make her :

And, might I live to dance upon my knee

A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,

I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.

Lov. Are you not mov'd by the sad imprecations

And curses of whole families, made wretched

By your sinister practices ?

Sir G. Yes, as rocks are,

When foamy billows split themselves against

Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is mov'd,

When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howl at her brightness.

I'm of a solid temper, and, like these,

Steer on a constant course.

Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widow's cries,

And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,

I only think what 'tis to have my daughter

Right honourable ; and 'tis a powerful charm

Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,

Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire

The toughness of your nature.

Sir G. 'Tis for you,

My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble ;

Nay more, if you will have my character

In little, I enjoy more true delight
 In my arrival to my wealth these dark
 And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
 In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
 My haste commands me hence; in one word, therefore,
 Is it a match, my lord?

Lov. I hope that is past doubt now.

Sir G. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind
 here,

Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
 Shall make me study aught but your advancement
 One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.
 Doubt not my honour, nor my faith to you;
 Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
 You may make choice of what belief you please,
 To me 'tis equal; so, my lord, good morrow.

[*Exit Sir Giles, L. H. D.*

**Lov.* He's gone: I wonder how the earth can bear
 him!

I, that have liv'd a soldier,
 And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
 To hear this horrid monster, am all bath'd
 In a cold sweat; yet, like a mountain, he
 Is no more shaken, than Olympus is
 When angry Boreas loads his double head
 With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, through M. D., advances R. H.

Lady. Save you, my lord!
 Disturb I not your privacy?

Lov. No, good madam;
 For your own sake, I'm glad you came no sooner:
 Since this bold, bad man, Sir Giles Overreach,
 Made such a plain discovery of himself,
 And read this morning such a devilish matins,
 That I should think it a sin next to his
 But to repeat it.

Lady. I ne'er press'd, my lord,
 On others' privacy; yet, against my will,

• *The remainder of this Scene is omitted; then Lovell exit R. H.*

Walking for health's sake, in the gallery here,
I was made,
So loud and vehement he was, partaker
Of his tempting offers.
But, my good lord, if I may use my freedom,
As to an honour'd friend,——

Lov. You lessen else
Your favour to me.

Lady. I dare, then, say thus:
However common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims, 'twill not agree
With those of noble blood, of fame, and honour.

Lov. Madam, 'tis confess'd;
But what infer you from it?

Lady. This, my lord;
I allow the heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our north part can boast of; yet she cannot,
With all that she brings with her, stop their mouths
That never will forget who was her father;
You may conceive the rest.

Lov. I do, good madam,
And long since have consider'd it.
And 'tis my resolution, ne'er to wed
With the rich Margaret, Overreach's daughter.

Lady. Why then, my lord, pretend you marriage
to her?

Lov. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That, since your husband's death, have liv'd a strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
'To visits and entertainments? Think you, madam,
'Tis not grown public conference; or the favours
Which you so prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,
Incur not censure?

Lady. I'm innocent here; and, on my life, I swear,
My ends are good.

Lov. So, on my soul, are mine

To Margaret :

And, since this friendly privacy does serve
As a fair offer'd means unto ourselves
To search each other further,—you having shown
Your care of me, I, my respect to you,—
Deny me not, I dare not yet say more,
An afternoon's discourse.

Lady. Affected coyness might deny your suit;
But, such your honour, frankness shall become me,
And bid my tongue avow my honest heart:
I shall attend your lordship.

Lov. My heart thanks you.

[*Exeunt Lovell, R. H. Lady Allworth through M. D.*]

SCENE II.—*A Village.*

Enter FROTH, and TAPWELL, from the house, U. E. L. H.

Tap. Undone, undone! This was your counsel,
Froth.

Froth. Mine! I defy thee: did not master Marall,—
He has mar'd all, I am sure,—strictly command us,
On pain of Sir Giles Overreach's displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors?

Tap. 'Tis true:

But now, he's his uncle's darling; and has got
Master Justice Greedy, since he fill'd his belly,
At his commandment to do any thing.

Wo, wo to us!

Froth. He may prove merciful.

Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.

Froth. Then, he knows all the passages of our house;
As the receiving of stolen goods, and so forth.
When he was rogue Wellborn, no man would believe
him;

And then his information could not hurt us:

But, now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony?

Tap. Undone, undone! Methinks
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart;

And my hand hissing,
If I 'scape the halter, with the letter R
Printed upon it.

Froth. Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days' wonder. As for credit,
We've none to lose; but we shall lose his custom:
There's the devil on't.

Tap. He has summon'd all his creditors by the drum;
'Tis said, he has found such a new way
To pay his old debts, as, 'tis very likely,
He shall be chronicled for it.

Froth. But are you sure his worship
Comes this way to my lady's?—[*drum,—and cry*
without, L. H.—Brave master Wellborn!]

Tap. Hark, I hear him.

Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace. [*drum,—and cry again*]

*Enter GREEDY, WELLBORN in a rich habit, MARALL,
—Vintner, Tailor, with other Creditors,—ORDER,
FURNACE, and AMBLE, L. H. U. E.—TAPWELL and
FROTH, kneeling, deliver a petition.*

Well. How's this? petition'd too!
But note what miracles the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,
Can work upon these rascals. I shall be,
I think, Prince Wellborn.

Mar. When your worship's married,
You may be—I know; what I hope to see you.

Well. Then look thou for advancement.

Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at.

Well. And thou shalt hit it.

Mar. Pray you, sir, despatch
These needy followers: and for my admittance,
[*Tapwell and Froth flattering Justice Greedy, R. H.*
Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.

Well. Fear not Sir Giles.

Gree. [*advancing, Tap. and Froth on his R. H.*]

Who? Tapwell—I remember! thy wife brought me,

Last new year's tide, a couple of fat turkies.

Tap. And shall do, every Christmas, let your worship

But stand my friend now.

Gree. How! with master Wellborn?

I can do any thing with him, on such terms.--

See you this honest couple? [*to Well.*] They're good souls

As ever drew out spigot. Have they not

A pair of honest faces?

Well. I o'erheard you,

And the bribe he promis'd. You are cozen'd in 'em;

For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,

This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,

For a base quean and thief, have worst deserv'd me;

And therefore speak not for them. By your place,

You're rather to do me justice.—Lend me your ear:--

Forget his turkies, and call in his license,

And every season I will send you venison,

To feast a mayor and corporation.

Gree. I'm chang'd o' the sudden in my opinion.

Mum.--

Come near; [*to Tap. and Froth*] nearer, rascal!

And, now I view him better, did you e'er see

One look so like an arch knave? his very countenance,

Should an understanding Judge but look upon him,

Would hang him, though he were innocent.

Tap. and Froth. Worshipful sir,—

Gree. No; though the great Turk came, instead of turkies,

To beg my favour, I'm inexorable.

Thou'st an ill name: I here do damn thy license,

Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;

For instantly I will in my own person,

Command the constable to pull down thy sign,

And do't before I eat.

Froth. No mercy?

Gree. Vanish!—

If I show any, may my promis'd venison choke me!

Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

[*Exeunt Tapwell and Froth into the house, L. H.*]

Well. On, master Greedy: I'll be with you at dinner.

Gree. For heaven's sake, don't stay long;

'Tis almost ready.

[*Exit Greedy, R. H.*]

Well. Speak: what are you?

Vint. A decay'd vintner, sir,

That might have thriv'd, but that your worship broke
me,

With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,
And five-pound suppers, with your after-drinkings,
When you lodg'd upon the Bankside.

Well. I remember.

Vint. I've not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest you;
And therefore, sir,—

Well. Thou art an honest fellow:

I'll set thee up again: [*to Mar.*]*—see his bill paid.—*
What are you?

Tai. A tailor once, but now mere botcher.

I long time gave you credit for rich clothes:

But, you failing in payment,

I was remov'd from the shop-board, and confin'd
Under a stall.

Well. See him paid:—[*to Mar.*]*—and botch no
more.—*

Tai. I ask no interest, sir.

Well. Such tailors need not;

If their bills are paid in one and twenty years,

They're seldom losers.—See these men discharg'd.

[*Marall settles with the creditors*]

And, since old debts are clear'd by a new way,

A little bounty will not misbecome me:

There's something for you all.

[*gives money to all the servants*]

All the Creditors. Brave master Wellborn!

[*Exeunt, creditors severally, L. H. U. E. who shout: and drum beats.*

Well. Leave me, good friends: attend upon your lady.

[*Exeunt Amble, Furnace, and Order, L. H. U. E.*

Now, master Marall, what's the weighty secret
You promis'd to impart?

Mar. Sir, time nor place

Allow me to relate each circumstance;

This only, in a word:—I know, Sir Giles

Will come upon you for security

For all the money which he now has lent you;

This you must not consent to:

As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,

Be you but rough, and say, he's in your debt

Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land:

I'd a hand in't, I speak it to my shame,

When you were defeated of it.

Well. That's forgiven.

Mar. I shall deserve it:—Then urge him to produce
The deed in which you pass'd it over to him;

Which, I know, he'll have about him, to deliver

To the Lord Lovell.—I'll instruct you further,

As I wait on your worship. If I play not my prize

To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,

Hang up Jack Marall.

Well. I rely upon thee.

[*Exeunt, R. H.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in SIR GILES' House.—Table,
chairs, pen, ink and paper.*

*Enter MARGARET, with a Letter in her Hand, and
ALLWORTH, R. H.*

Allw. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequall'd temperance, or your constant sweetness,
I yet rest doubtful.

Marg. Give it to Lord Lovell;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which

My vows, in that high office register'd,
Are faithful witnesses.

Allw. 'Tis true, my dearest;
Yet,—when I call to mind how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths and oaths,
To fill the arms of greatness;
While you, with matchless virtue, thus hold out,
Spurning at honour, when it comes to court you,—
I am so tender of your good, that faintly
I wish myself that right; you're pleas'd to do me.

Marg. To me what's title, when content is wanting?
Or the smooth brow, and wealth,
Of a pleas'd sire that slaves me to his will;—
And, so his vain ambition may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election?

Allw. But the dangers
That follow the repulse,—

Marg. To me they're nothing:
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst,—that, in his rage, he kill me,—
A tear or two, by you dropt on my hearse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours;
I then shall rest in peace.

Allw. Heaven avert
Such trials of your true affection to me!
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
Show so much rigour. But since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between 'em.

Marg. Lord Lovell is our friend;
And, though but a young actor, second me
In doing to the life what he has plotted.

Enter SIR GILES, R. H. S. E.

The end may yet prove happy.—[*aside*].—Now, my
Allworth.

Allw. [*aside*] To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title:
And, when with terms not taking from his honour
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him;
But, in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
To fix a time and place, without my knowledge,
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence
In his lordship will deceive him. [*crosses to R. H.*]

Allw. I hope better, good lady.

Marg. Hope, sir, what you please; for me,
I must take a safe and secure course: I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,
I can grant nothing [*crosses to L. H.*]

Sir G. [*aside, near the centre*] I like this obedience:

But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embrac'd.—[*Sir G. advances to centre*]
Sweet master Allworth,

You show yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord: he has a jewel of you.
How! frowning, Meg? Are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord? What's this? give me it.

Marg. A piece of arrogant paper! [*Sir Giles reads.*]

Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys
That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys;
Therefore this instant, and in private meet
A husband that will gladly at your feet
Lay down his honours, tendering them to you
With all content, the church being paid her due.

Sir G. Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!
Will you still be one? I' the name of madness, what
Could his good honour write more to content you?
Is there aught else to be wish'd, after these two
That are already offer'd? Marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after:—What would you more?

Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter;

Not hurried away i' the night I know not whither,
Without all ceremony; no friends invited,
To honour the solemnity.

Allw. An't please your honour,
For so before to-morrow I must style you,
My lord desires this privacy, in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to have it done, brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming;
And yet, he stands resolv'd, with all due pomp
To have his marriage at court celebrated,
When he has brought your honour up to London.

Sir G. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion on my knowledge:

Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,
Must put it off, forsooth!

Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.

Sir G. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? Since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold: 'twill serve this night's expense; to-morrow
I'll furnish him with any sums.

Use my ring to my chaplain; he is benefic'd
At my manor of Got'em, and call'd Parson Willdo:
'Tis no matter for a license; I'll bear him out in't.

Marg. With your favour, sir,—what warrant is your ring?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and, then to be refus'd
Were such a stain upon me!--If you pleas'd, sir,
Your presence would do better.

Sir G. Still perverse!

I say again I will not cross my lord:

Yet I'll prevent you too.—Paper and ink there.

Allw. Sir, 'tis ready here.

Sir G. I thank you.—I can write then to my chaplain.— [*Sir Giles sits down and writes.*]

Allw. Sir, sir,—

You may, if you please, leave out the name of my lord, In respect he would be private, and only write,—Marry her to this gentleman.

Sir G. Well advis'd—

'Tis done.—Away!—

[*gives Allworth the paper,—Margaret kneels*

My blessing? Girl, thou hast it:

Nay, no reply.—Begone, good master Allworth:—

This shall be the best night's work you ever made.

Allw. I hope so, sir.

[*Exeunt Margaret and Allworth, L. H.*]

Sir G. Now all's cock-sure.—

Methinks I hear already knights and ladies

Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with

Your honourable daughter?—

My ends, my ends are compass'd!—Then, for Well-born

And the lands,—were he once married to the widow,—

I have him here.—I can scarce contain myself,

I am so full of joy; nay, joy all over! [*Exit R. H.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Hall in LADY ALLWORTH'S House.—*
Screen on R. H. sofa and table L. H.

Enter LOVELL, and LADY ALLWORTH, R. H.

Lady. By this you know how strong the motives were,

That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little with my gravity, to advance
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.

Lov. What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman, hath found good success;
For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnish'd for fair employment;
But all the arts that I have us'd, to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,
Stand yet in supposition: though I hope well;
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant
Than their years can promise.

Lady. Though my wishes
Are with yours, my lord: yet give me leave to fear
The building, though well-grounded. To deceive
Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings, were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.

Lov. Despair not, madam:
Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means.
The cunning statesman, that believes, he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd.

Lady. May he be so!—
The young ones have my warmest wishes with them.

Lov. O, gentle lady, prove as kind to me!
You've deign'd to hear, now grant my honest suit:
And, if you may be won to make me happy,
But join your hand to mine, and that shall be

A solemn contract.

Lady. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it; yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

Lady. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt.—

Enter WELLBORN, L. H.

You're welcome, sir :

Now you look like yourself [*crosses to Wellborn*

Well. And will continue
Such, in my free acknowledgment that I am
Your creature, madam,—and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command it.

Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you.

Lady. For me, I am happy,
That my endeavours prosper'd.—Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?

Well. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marall. He's grown into strange
passions

About his daughter : this last night, he look'd for
Your lordship at his home; but, missing you,
And Margaret not appearing, he is coming
To seek her here at Lady Allworth's house.
His wise head is much perplex'd and troubled.

Lov. I hope my project took.

Lady. I strongly hope it.

[*Sir Giles and Marall without, L. H.*

Sir G. [*without*] Ha! find my daughter, thou huge
lump of nothing,

I'll bore thine eyes out else.

Well. May it please your lordship, [*crosses to Lov.*
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not out of hearing.
You may, perhaps, have sport.

Lov. You shall direct me.

[*Exit Lovell behind screen and off.*]

Sir G. [*without*] Ideot! booby! booby!

Mar. [*without*] O, O, O,—

Sir G. [*without*] I shall sol-fa you, rogue!

Mar. [*without*] Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?

*Enter SIR GILES with distracted looks, driving in
MARALL before him, L. H.*

Sir G. Cause, slave? Why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing:
Let but the seal be broke upon the box
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

Mar. [*aside*] I may yet cry quittance:
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist.

Sir G. Lady, by your leave: did you see my daughter, lady?

And the lord her husband? Are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid 'em joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See you, on her left hand, bending down low,
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.

Lady. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But, in the meantime,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.

Sir G. When you once see her
Led and supported by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better. [*crosses to Wellborn*—Ne-
pew,—

Well. Well?

Sir G. No more!

Well. 'Tis all I owe you.

Sir G. Have your redeem'd rags

Made you thus insolent?

Well. Insolent to you!

Why, what are you, sir, pray, unless in years,
More than myself?

Sir G. His fortune swells him ;—

'Tis rank,—he's married. [crosses to L. H.]

Lady. [aside] This is excellent!

Sir G. Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
[crosses to centre, Lady Allworth on L. H.]

I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buz
Of a stolen marriage,—do you hear?—of a stolen
marriage;

In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozen'd;
I name no parties.

Well. Well, sir, and what follows?

[Lady Allworth turns away.]

Sir G. Marry this, since you are so peremptory: re-
member,

Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
Some certain monies; put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragg'd in your lavender robes to the jail; you know
me,

And therefore do not trifle.

Well. Can you be

So cruel to your nephew, *Now he's in*

The way to rise? Was this the courtesy

You did me, *in pure love, and no ends else?*

Sir G. End me no ends! Engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it; you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger,
And revel in drunken taverns.

Well. And beg after—

Mean you not so?

Sir G. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?

Well. No, indeed, you shall not:

Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment.—
Your great looks fright not me.

Sir G. But my deeds shall.— [they both draw

Lady. Help, murder! murder!

*Enter AMBLE, WATCHALL and ORDER, with drawn
swords, R. H. S. E.*

Sir G. Outbrav'd!

Well. Let him come on,

Arm'd with his cut-throat practices to guard him,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.

Sir G. That I had thee
But single in the field!

Lady. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.

Sir G. Where't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.

[*Lady Allworth turns away*

Mar. [to *Wellborn*] Now, put him to
The showing of the deed.

Well. This rage is vain, sir:
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full
Upon the least incitement; and,—whereas
You charge me with a debt of monies to you,—
If there be law, howe'er you have no conscience,
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Sir G. I in thy debt? O impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land
That had continued in *Wellborn's* name

Enter two of SIR GILES' servants with a box, L. H.
Twenty descents, which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of?—O, you're come at last.—
Is not here inclos'd

The deed that does confirm it mine?

Mar. Now, now.— [*Lady Allworth advances*

Well. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd o'er
Any such land; I grant for a year or two,
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law;
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.

Lady. In my judgment,
He does advise you well.

Sir G. Good, good! Conspire
With your new husband, lady: second him
In his dishonest practices: But when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in a humbler key, and sue for favour.

Lady. Never; do not hope it.

Well. Let despair first seize me.

Sir G. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee
give

Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
Thy ears to the pillory,—

[*Sir Giles unlocks the box, and takes out the deed.*
See!—here's that will make
My interest clear.—Ha!

Lady. A fair skin of parchment!

Well. Indented, I confess, and lables too;
But neither wax, nor words. How? thunder-struck!
Is this your precious evidence? this, that makes
Your interest clear?

Sir G. I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath raz'd out the inscription? the wax
Turn'd into dust!—
Do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in a hempen circle; yes there is;—

And, now 'tis better thought, for, cheater, know,
This juggling shall not save you.

Well. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

[retires with *Lady Allworth* up the stage.]

Sir. G. Marall,—Marall,—Marall!

Mar. Sir?

Sir G. Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony

Help with an oath or two; and, for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know, thou wilt swear any thing, to dash
This cunning sleight;
The deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marall, and deliver'd
When thou wast present, will make good my title:—
Wilt thou not swear this?

Mar. I!—No, I assure you.—

[*Marall* runs away to R. H. pursued by *Sir Giles*,
but the servants oppose his passage with drawn
swords.]

I have a conscience, not sear'd up like yours;
I know no deeds.

Sir G. Wilt thou betray me? [*drawing his sword*]

Mar. Keep him [*Wellborn* opposes him]
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
To his no little torment.

Sir G. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!

Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.
The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,
Your drudge can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride; and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.

Sir G. O, that I had thee in my gripe! I'd tear thee
Joint after joint.

Mar. I know you are a tearer;
But I'll have first your fangs par'd off, and then

Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,
And made it good before the judge, what ways,
And devilish practices, you us'd to cozen with.

Well. All will come out.

Sir G. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel, in vain, to die;
These swords that keep thee from me, should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous:
There will be a time and place, there will be, coward,
When you shall feel what I dare do.

Well. I think so:

You dare do any ill: yet want true valour,
To be honest, and repent.

Sir G. They're words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,
Shall find no harbour here.

After these storms,
At length a calm appears.—My chaplain comes.—

Enter PARSON WILLDO, with a Letter in his hand,
L. H.

[*Lovell appears behind screen.*

Welcome, most welcome!

There's comfort in thy looks!—Is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? Say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Will. Married? Yes, I assure you.

Sir G. Then vanish all sad thoughts!
My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.
Now, you that plot against me,
And hop'd to trip my heels up, that contemn'd me,
Think on't and tremble. [*music* L. H.

Enter LOVELL behind, R. H. U. E.

They come!—I hear the music.—
A lane there for my lord:—

Well. This sudden heat
May yet be cool'd, sir.

Sir G. Make way there for my lady and my lord.
[*music*]

*Enter two servants of SIR GILES, MARGARET and
ALLWORTH, L. H.*

Marg. [*kneels*] Sir, first your pardon, then your
blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I've made.—
Not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.

Sir G. How!

Allw. So, I assure you: all the rites of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past:
And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.

Sir G. Devil!—Are they married?

Will. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give 'em
joy!

Sir G. Confusion and ruin! Speak, and speak
quickly,
Or thou art dead. [*crosses L. H. seizes Willdo*]

Will. They're married.

Sir G. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these.—My brain turns!

Will. Why this rage to me?—
Is not this your letter, sir? and these the words,—
Marry her to this gentleman?

Sir G. It cannot; [*crosses to L. H. of Willdo*]
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not,
That I, who never left a print
Where I have trod, for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children!
Baffled and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated, and made void.

Well. As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle. [*Willdo retires, L. H.*]

Sir G. Village nurses

Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable; but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.

[*offers to kill Margaret—Allworth and Margaret
cross behind to R. H.*]

Lov. [*stopping him*] Hold, for your own sake!
If charity to your daughter have quite left you;
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider, at the best you're but a man;
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be cross'd.

Sir G. Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,—
And as thou art a soldier,—if thy valour
Dares show itself where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.

Lov. I am ready.

Lady. [*on the R. H. of Lovell*] Stay, sir:
Contest with one distracted?

Well. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Sir G. Are you pale?
Borrow their helps; though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand 'gainst all, as I am, hemm'd in thus.—
Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lin'd through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge 'em?
No: I'll through the battalia, and, that routed,
I'll fall to execution.—

[*crosses to centre—attempts to draw his sword*]

Ha! I'm feeble:

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of 't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn.—

Ha! what are these? Sure, hangmen

That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
 Before the judgment-seat.—Now, they are new shapes,
 And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
 To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
 Ingloriously, and yield? No; spite of fate,
 I will be forc'd to hell like to myself;
 Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
 Thus would I fly among you.—

[*He rushes madly towards his daughter, and falls senseless; the servants raise him up, and carry him off, L. H.*]

Well. What arts didst use to rase out the conveyance?

Mar. Certain minerals,
 Incorporated in the ink and wax.
 Besides he gave me nothing; but still fed me
 With hopes and blows.

If it please your worship
 To call to memory, this mad beast once caus'd me
 To urge you or to hang, or drown, yourself:
 I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Well. You are a rascal; and he that dares be false
 To a master, though unjust, will very hardly
 Be true to any other. Begone. [*Exit Marall, R. H.*
 [*Allworth and Margaret advance.*]

Marg. O, my poor father!

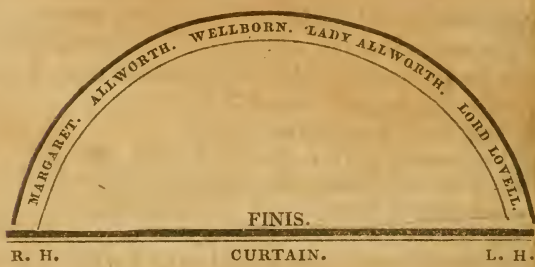
Allw. Nay, weep not, dearest;—though it show
 your piety,
 What is decreed by heaven, we cannot alter.

Lov. And heaven here gives a precedent to teach us,
 That, when men leave religion, and turn atheists,
 Their own abilities leave them.—Pray you, take com-
 fort;

[*to Margaret*
 I will endeavour, you shall be his guardians
 In his distractions;—And for your land, Wellborn,
 I'll be an umpire
 Between you and this the undoubted heir
 Of Sir Giles Overreach:—For me, here's the anchor
 That I must fix on. [*to Lady Allworth*

Well. Nothing then [to the audience]
 Now wants but your allowance;—and in that
 Our all is comprehended; which if you
 Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
 To the poet's, and our labours, as you may;
 For we despair not gentlemen, of the play:—
 You may expect, the grace you show to-night,
 Will teach us how to act, our poets how to write.

Disposition of characters when the curtain falls.



As a number of our subscribers are desirous of knowing what characteristic engravings will be attached to those plays prepared for publication, we subjoin the following list for their information :

School for Scandal,	Mr. Warren as Sir Peter Teazle.
Every One has his Fault,	Mr. Jefferson as Solus.
Der Freyschutz,	Mrs. Burke as Bertha.
Hypocrite,	Mr. Foote as Dr. Cantwell.
Richard the Third,	Mr. Kean as Richard.
Lovers Vows,	Mrs. Darley as Amelia.
Hamlet,	Mrs. Cowell as Ophelia.
Iron Chest,	Mr. Lee as Wilford.
Tom and Jerry,	Mr. Roberts as Bob Logic.
High Life below Stairs,	Mr. Thayer as My Lord Duke.
Forty Thieves,	Mrs. Waring as Morgiana.
Brutus,	Mr. Booth as Brutus.
Macbeth,	Mr. Macready as Macbeth.

These portraits are nearly all finished, and exertions will be used to procure the following, as soon as possible.

Mr. Cooper, Mr. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Entwisle, Mrs. Gilfert, Mr. and Mrs. Wallack, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Finn, Mr. Kilner, Mrs. Powell, &c. &c.

As an impression has gone abroad, that the Plays printed in this Work are so mutilated as to destroy the Authors' meaning, the Proprietors take this opportunity of assuring the public, that all the old plays will be printed from books marked as Garrick and Kemble had them represented; the new ones, as they are represented at Drury Lane and Covent Garden.

In consequence of complaints, that in binding, the margin cuts off the Numbers will not, in future, be trimmed in the

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The Portraits of Mr. Warren, Mrs. Darley, Mr. Macready, and Mr. Booth, are in the hands of the engravers.

To the Subscribers to this Work.

The absence of Mr. Wemyss must apologise for any delay that may occur in the publication of the ensuing numbers. He has made the best arrangements which the short notice would allow, and assures the patrons of the work that any deficiency that may occur, shall be made up, on his return, to complete the emission of 12 numbers each year.

THOMAS T. ASH,

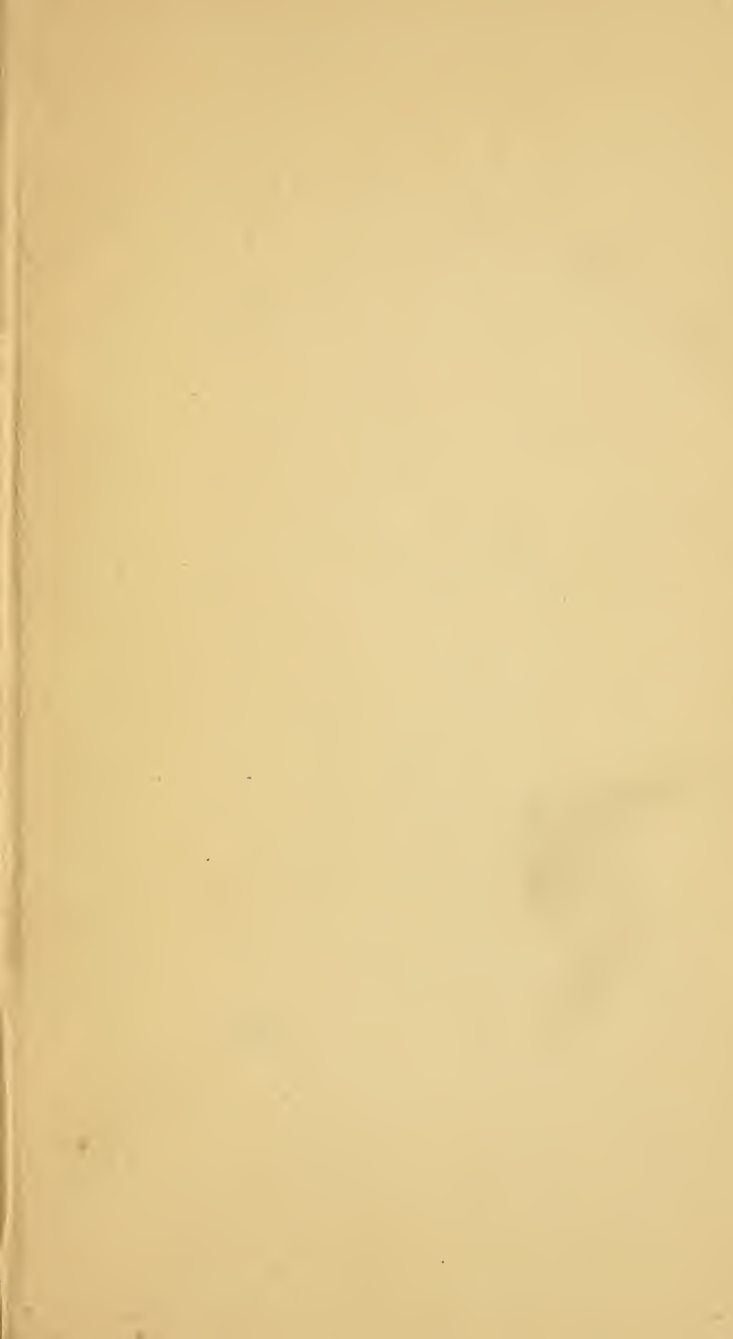
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